

THE
CHARACTER

OF

A London-Diurnall:

With severall select

POEMS:

By the same Author.

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THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time : It is an Historie in *Sippets*; the English *Iliads* in a Nut-shell; the *Apocryphall* Parliaments book of *Macca-bees* in single sheets. It would tire a Welch-pedigree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annall : For it is of that Extract; onely of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The *originall sinner* in this kind was Dutch; *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *moderne Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack; as many Children, as daies in the yeare. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that Linage; so she spawnes the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster*, take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, sits the House of Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the Kingdomes Anatomy before the weekly Kalender: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Common-wealth. 'Tis taken for the Pulse of the Body-politique; and the Emperick-Divines of the Assembly, those spirituall *Dragooners*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pritty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The Countrey-Carrier, when he buyes it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Urnnall*: yet properly enough; For it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devill and his Exorcist; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her enchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law still-borne, dropt, before quickned by the Royall assent: 'Tis one of the Par-

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liaments by-blowes, (Acts only being legitimate) and hath no more Syre, then a Spanish Gennet, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its Patron, *Mars*) is the issue onely of the mother, without the concurrence of Royall *Jupiter*.

Yet Law it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his Clock went true, what ever the Sun said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much as a Cushion? But Actors must have their Properties; And, since the Stages were voted downe, the onely Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suteable to their plots are their Informers; *Skipper*s and *Taylor*s; Spaniells both for the Land and the Water: *Good conscionable* Intelligence! For, however *Pym's* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest Vermyn have not so much for lying, as the *Publicke Faith*.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Morefields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church-Government, by the help of his outlying Eares, and the *Otaousticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combate Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylors Goose, that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betrayer'd for dealing with the Lions, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophaner names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corne-cutter, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Browes, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this Act of the Corncutters was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the representative Forehead of *Isaac*. *Resolved*, that the evill Councillours about the

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the Corn-cutter are Popishly affected, and Enemies to the State. Resolved, that there be a publike Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaac's* Brow-antlers; and a solemne Covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter, and all his works.

Thus the *Quixotes* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their own heads; quell Monsters of their own creation, make plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend, the Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, then the Eares of their Sect; able to strangle the Beliefe of a *Soli-fidian*.

Ile present them in their order; and first, as a Whiffeler before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a legge and *Exit*. The Countrey-people took him for one, that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morrice through the West of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman, set him but upon *Bankes* his Horse in a Saddle Rampant, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaure shewes better trickes.

There was a Vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage into Monumentall-Gingerbread; but it was cross'd by the Female-Committee, alleadging that the valour of his Image would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and an halfe of Commander, by the helpe of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: 'tis strange you'l say, and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented: that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the squibbe is run to the end of the Rope. Roome, for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atrepos* in breeches; *Waller's* Knight-errantry: and, because every *Mountibanke* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haslerigge*, to set off his story: these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshipped in the same Chapter: they hunt in their Couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heele.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternbold* murder the Psalmes, with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the Saints-Bell.

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I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* Soule took the Lease of his Body.

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed that halfe a Barre: and yet it is thought the fullen corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch Heads-man, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the Head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poore Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning, that melts the Sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxcellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a whip and a bell; translate but the Scene to *Round-way-downe*: There *Hastleriggs* Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards; there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the Arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums cleane through the Old Testament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment: The Muster-master uses no other List, then the first Chapter of *Matthem*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigniers, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrewes*? This *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association, which neverthelesse he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his eare, as if he expected *Mahomet's Pidgeon* to come, and prompt him: He should be a Bird of prey too, by his bloody beake: his nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glitters: What we wonder at in the rest of them, is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed: For, most of his Trophees are in a Church-Window; when a Looking-Glasse would shew him more Superstition: He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced

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ced Gods in his own Countenance. If he deale with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monument: Then downe goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Times Voyder, Sub-sizer to the Wormes; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the Cud: He said Grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquesse of *Newcastle*: Nay, and the *Diurnall* gave you his Bill of Fare; But it proved but a running Banquet, as appeares by the Story. Beleeve him as he whistles to his *Cambridge Teeme* of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the *Holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rife Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull down Churches for Edification. But Sacriledge is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedralls, as well as Abbeyes: A secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For, how can he be hanged for Church-robbery, which gives it selfe the benefit of the Clergie?

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the Dominicall Letter, yet compared with *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigills* to an Holy-day. This, this, is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunder-bolt, that *Burrowes* in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lords of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangell*, giving Battell to the Devill.

Indeed, as the Angells, each of them makes a severall *Species*; so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter the Arke, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have sorted them into paires. If ever there were a rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all *Adamites* in Understanding: It is the sign of a Coward, to *winke*, and *fight*; yet all their Valour proceeds from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by *Tradition*: if he was begotten Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devill in the Father, is turn'd Monk in the Son; so his godlinesse is of the same Parentage with good Lawes; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother-University, and (if the Scotch mist further prevaile) will extinguish this other: He hath the like quarrell to both; because

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cause both are strung with the same *Optick Nerve*, knowing *Loyalty*. Barbarous *Rebell* ! who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, because his *Treason* is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talkt much of his Victories: but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwaies beat the Gyant; That's resolv'd. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw; It is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*; or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the Wyre of a *Diurnall*; as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Petty-toes, such snivelling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so; was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at the weapon; O hee's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner, had he been a *Canniball* to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace? Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State Sophies* distinguish) in his *Polotique Capacity*; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeale of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Wood-Monger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining cause, a new Branch of the old *Oake* of *Reformation*.

And now I speak of *Reformation*, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker; the liveliest Embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reforme, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole they made three.

But I have not inke enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-wormes of the State.

I will close up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall combate of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had slain three of his Enemies, found them at last, but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty, are the Triumphs of a *Diurnall*: but so many impostumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

FINIS.

P O E M S.

Square-Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girle,
 And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
 Let's drink a round till our braines do whirle,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry :
A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like, borne of the froth
 Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barley broth,
 She, she is my Mistris, her Suiters are many,
 But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first for the Plush-sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle ;
 With his new-fangled Oath, *By Jupiters thumbs*,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle :
 He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
 He shall have ----- God knowes what *per annum* :
 But still she replies, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for mee.

Then Calot-*Leather-cap* strongly pleads,
 And faine would derive the pedigree of fashion :
 The *Antipodes* weare their shoes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation ?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
 But still she replied, &c.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought-Cap*,
 With a long-wasted conscience towards a Sister,
 And making a Chappell of Ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kist her.
 Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
 Then falls he to Use and Application next:
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be,
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Sattin-Cap* scouts about, (marry,
 And faine would this wench in his fellowship
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry.
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simonie,
 And offers her money her Incumbent to be.
 But still she replied, god Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *round cap*,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
 The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
 And yet this wench he faine would have bridged.
 Come leave these thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
 And give me livery and season of thee:
 But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
 For I never will be your Impropriation.
 I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
 For if ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

Marke

Marke Anthony.

When as the Nightingall chanted her Vespers,
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
 Venus invited me in th'Evening whispers,
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:

Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement,
 Unto my hearts content,
 Plaid with me on the Green.

Never Marke Anthony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the faire Egyptian.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eys feasted,
 Then fear of surfetting made me retire:
 Next on her warme lips, which when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made active as fire.

Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart,
 Arrowes that knew no smart:
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never Marke, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arme;
 Gawdier then *Iuno* wears, when as she graces
love with embraces more stately then warme,

Then did shee peep in mine
 Eyes humour Chrystalline;
 I in her eyes was seen,

As if we one had been.
Never Marke, &c.

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall Dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.

Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keene.
Never Mark, &c.

*The Authours Mock-Song to Marke
Anthony.*

VVhen as the Night-raven sung Pluto's Mattins,
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houle,
When night-wandering Witches put on their pattins,
Midnight as dark as their faces are foule:

Then did the furies doome
That the night-mare was come;
Such a mis-shapen Groom
Puts downe *Su. Pomsfret* cleane.
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
As this foule Gypsie Queane.

First on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted;
Thence feare of vomiting made me retire

Unto

Poems.

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Unto the blewer lips, which when I tasted;
My spirits were duller then Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an ushers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueffe what I meane.
Never did, &c.

Like Snaks engendring, were plated her tresses,
Or like the slimy streaks of ropy ale;
Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is perewigg'd with Adders taile.
But as soone as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epiccene.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of Pulses, the Palmestry of Haggs,
Scolding out belches for Rhetorick twinkles;
With three teeth in her head like to three gaggs,
Rainebowes about her eyes,
And her nose weather-wise;
From them th' Almanack lies,
Frost, Pond, and Rivers cleane,
Never did, &c.

Upon

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIr, or Madame, chuse you whether,
 Nature twist'd you both together:
 And makes thy soule two garbes confesse,
 Both Petticoat and Breeches dresse.
 Thus we chastise the God of *Wine*,
 With water that is Feminine,
 Untill the cooler Nymph abate
 His wrath, and so con corporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
 Had both Sexes thus ingroft:
 When Providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
 Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat,
 To make his body up compleat:
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*
 In a grave solemnity.
 For man and wife make but one right
 Canonick *Hermaphrodite*.
 Ravell thy body and I finde
 In every limb a double kinde.
 Who would not thinke that head a paire,
 That breeds such faction in the haire?
 One halfe so churlish in the touch,
 That rather then endure so much,
 I would my tender limbs apparell
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:
 But the other halfe so small,
 And so amorous withall,

That

That *Cupid* thinks each haire doth grow
 A string for his invis'ble Bow.
 When I looke babies in thine eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noone,
 Thy Orbe contains both Sun and Moone.
 How many melting kisses skip
 'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
 'Twixt thy upper brush of haire
 And thy nether beards dispaire.
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue:
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another;
 This the sister, that the brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands, my eare still fancies
 The Nuptiall sound, I lohn take *Frances*:
 Feele but the difference, soft, and rough;
 This a Gantlet, that a Muffe:
 Had fly *Ulysses*, at the sacke
 Of *Troy*, brought thee his Pedlers pack,
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feele
 The Needle, that the warlike steele.
 VVhen Musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right legge takes thy left to dance.
 Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt dance, though alone:
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes gender, but thy heart.

Nay those which modest can meane,
 And dare not speak, are Epicœne ;
 That Gamester-needs must overcome,
 That can play both Tib and Tom.
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,
 Coyning thee a *Philip and Mary*.

*The Authors Hermaphrodite, made
 after M.Randolphs death, yet in-
 serted into his Poems.*

PRobleme of Sexes ; must thou likewise be
 As disputable in thy Pedigree ?
 Thou Twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
 To throw lesse then Aumes-ace upon two Dice :
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double father ?
 True, the worlds scales are even : what the maine
 In one place gets, another quits againe.
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Slice one in two, to keep her number just :
 Plurality of livings is thy state,
 And therefore mine must be impropriate.
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claime
 Is intercepted by anothers name,
 Never did steeple carry double truer,
 His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
 Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.

The

The *Theban* Wittall, when he once descrites,
Jove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice:
 That name hath tipt his hornes: see, on his knees,
 A health to Hans-en-Keldar *Hercules*.
 Nay sublunary Cuckolds are content
 To entertaine their Fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daignes
 To quarter with his Muse both Armes and Braines:
 Gramercy Gossip; I rejoyce to see
 Shee'th got a leap of such a Barbarie.
 Talk not of hornes, hornes are the Poets Crest:
 For since the Muses left their former nest,
 To found a Nunnery in *Randolphs* quill,
 Cuckold *Pernassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the wormes for his Compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall sonnes? say *Ogg*, is't meet,
 Penance beare date after the winding-sheet?
 Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kinde
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 It would disclaime my right: and that it were
 The lawfull Issue of his ashes, sweare.
 But was he dead? did not his soule translate
 Her selfe into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or break up house, like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a sob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes 't may prove his bastard imp.
 But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one: yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.

For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chaire,
 Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoere you are,
 You are a nephew; Grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unlesse the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The sun and man get man; thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.
 For since (blest shade) this Verse is Male, but mine
 O th weaker Sex, a Fancy Foeminine:
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

*Upon Phillis walking in a morning be-
 fore Sun-rising.*

THe sluggish morn. as yet undrest,
 My *Phyllis* brake from out her East;
 As if shee'd made a match to run
 With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
 The trees, like Yeomen of her Guard,
 Serving more for pomp, then wa. d,
 Rank'd on each side with loyall duty,
 Weave branches to inclose her beauty.
 The Plants, whose luxury was lopt,
 Or age with crutches underpropt;
 Whose wooden carkases are growne
 To be but coffins of their owne;
 Revive, and at her generall dole
 Each receives his ancient soule.

The

The winged Choristers began
 To chirp their Mattins : and the Fan
 Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid,
 Untill their Voluntaries made
 The wakened earth in odours rise,
 To be her morning-Sacrifice.

The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
 Start, and raise up their drowfie heads :
 And he that for their colour seeks,
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
 Where Roses mix : no civill war
 Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.

The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop ;
 Mistakes here kuc, and doth display.
 Thus *Phyllis* antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
 Who thinking that his kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizled locks,
 To see what Saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
 Dapling the walk with light and shade,
 Like lattice-windowes, give the spie
 Room but to peep with halfe an eye ;
 Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
 And bids us all good-night in him,
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.
 But what religious Palsie's this
 Which makes the boughs divest their blifs ?

And that they might her foot-steps strawe,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (least her stay
 Should wed October unto May;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)
 With-drew her beames, yet made no night,
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

*Upon a Miser that made a great feast,
 and the next day dyed for grieve.*

NOr 'scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cood:
 And what delight she tooke i'th' invitation,
 Strives to tast o're againe in this relation.

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rhyme,
 Not for devotion, but to take up time,
 March't the train'd-band of dishes usher'd there,
 To shew their postures, and then *As they were*.
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
 He will afford the Lovers gluttony;
 This is a Feast, a muster, not a fight;
 Our weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
 Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
 Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
 On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
 Whatever feasts he made are sun'd up here,
 His table vyes not standing with his cheare.

His

His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this Meale are all,
 And not transcrib'd, but it's Originali.
 Christmas is no Feast movable: for loe
 The selfe-same dinner was ten yeares agoe:
 'Twill be immortall if it longer stay,
 The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay awhile; unlesse my whinyard faile,
 Or it enchanted, I'll cut off th'intaille.
Saint George for England then: have at the mutton,
 When the first cut calls me blood-thirsty glutton:
 What *Ajax* with his anger quod'd blame
 Killing a sheep thought *A anemnon* had flaine:
 The fiction's now prov'd true: wounding his rost,
 I lamentably butcher up mine host.
 Such sympathie is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
 Cut a Goose-leg, and the poore soule for moane
 Turnes Creeple too; and after stands on one.

Have you not heard th'abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand Julie will report?
 The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
 The Cats they came to feast, when lustie *Will*
 Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charme
 Proves the next day such an old womans arme:
 'Tis so with him, whose carcase never 'scapes,
 But still we slay him in a thousand shapes.
 Our serving-men like Spaniells range, to spring
 The fowle which he hath clockt under his wing.
 Should he on Widgeon, or on Woodcock feed,
 It were (*Thyestes*-like) on his owne breed.
 To porke he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.

Sawces

Sawces we should have none had he his wish,
 The Oranges i'th margent of the dish
 He with such Huchters tells them o're and o're,
 Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into dispaire,
 Having nought else to doe, he falls to prayer :
 As thou did'st once put on the forme of Bull,
 And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump great *Iove* ; grant this poor beefe
 May live to comfort me in all this grieve.
 But no *Amen* was said : See, see it comes,
 Draw boyes, let Trumpets sound & strike up Drums.
 See how his blood doth with the gravie swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him. (per,
 The Ven'sons now in view, our Hounds spend dee-
 Strange Deer, which in the Pasty hath a Keeper
 Stricter then in the Park, making his guest
 (As he had stoln't alive) to steale it drest :
 The scent was hot ; and we pursuing faster,
 Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chas'd their Master,
 A double prey at once may seize upon,
Acteon and his case of Venison :
 Thus was he torne alive. To vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second coorse.
 Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
 He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

*A young Man to an old Woman Court-
ing him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*; surcease thy suit:
 There's no temptation in such fruit.
 No rotten Medlers, whil'st there be
 Whole Orchards in Virginitie.
 Thy stock is too much out of date
 For tender plants t'inoculate.
 A match with thee thy bridegroom feares
 Would be thought Int'rest in his years,
 Which when compar'd to thine, become
 Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
 Can Wedlocke know so great a curse
 As putting husbands out to Nurse?
 How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
 And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
 Time sure hath wheel'd about his yeare,
December meeting *Ianiveere*.
 The *Ægyptian* Serpent figures time,
 And stript, returnes unto his Prime:
 If my affection thou would'st win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
 My moderne lips know not (alack)
 The old Religion of thy smack.
 I count that primitive embrace,
 As out of fashion as thy face.
 And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy Fornication's Classicall.
 Our sports will differ: thou may'st play,
Leero, and I *Alphonso* way.

I me

I me no Translator; have no veine
 To turn a woman young againe :
 Unlesse you'l grant the Tailor's due,
 To see the forebodies be new :
 I love to weare cloaths that are flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush :
 Like Aldermen, or Monster-Sheriffs,
 With Canvas Backs, and velvet Sleeves.
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.

Go study Salve and Treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg, or his fore eye ;
 Thus Matrons purchase credit, thank
 Six penni-worth of Mountebank.
 Or chew thy cood on some delight
 Thou takest in thy *Eighty Eight*.
 Or be but bedrid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agen.
 But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken, and attend my Vowes.
 " When *Aetna's* fires shall undergo
 " The penance of the *Alps* in snow,
 " When *Sol* at one blast of his horne
 " Posts from the *Crab* to *Capricorne*,
 " When th' Heavens shuffle all in one,
 " The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;
 " When all these contradictions meet,
 " Then (*Sybill*) thou and I will greet.
 " For all these families do hold
 " In my young heat and thy dull cold ;
 " Then if a Feaver be so good
 " A Pimp, as to inflame thy blood,

Hymen

Hymen shall twist thee, and thy Page,
 The distinct Tropicks of Mans age.
 Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
 Ile not thy periwig be cal'd.
 Ile never be, 'stead of a Lover,
 An aged Chronicles new cover.

*To M^s. K. T. who askt him why hee
 was dumb.*

STay, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vaine would be your question.
 Should I be dumb, why then againe
 Your asking me would be in vaine.
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfie this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throwes me upon
 This wished contradiction,
 Ile tell you how I did become
 So strangely (as you heare me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-falne Puritan,
 'Tis zeale that tongue-ties that good man :
 For heat of conscience, all men hold,
 Is th'onely way to catch that cold.
 How should loves zealot then forbear
 To be your silenc'd Minister ?
 Nay your religion which doth grant
 A worship due to you my Saint,
 Yet counts it that devotion wrong
 That does it in the vulgar tongue.

D

My

My ruder words would give offence
 To such an hallow'd excellence ;
 As th' English Dialect would vary
 The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak, that twice am checkt
 By this and that religious Sect ?

Still dumb, and in your face I spie
 Still cause, and still Divinitie.

As soon as blest with your salute,
 My manners taught me to be mute :
 For, least they cancell all the blisse
 You sign'd with so divine a kisse,
 The lips you seale must needs consent
 Unto the tongues imprisonment.

My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
 (With a strange *E-la*) to my eyes ;
 Where it gets Baile, and in that sense
 Begins a new-found Eloquence.

Oh listen with attentive sight
 To what my pratling eyes indite.
 Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choice,
 To give, or to suspend my voice,
 With the same key set ope the doore
 Wherewith you lockt it fast before ;
 Kisse once againe, and when you thus
 Have doubly been miraculous,
 My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty
 The Golden Legend of your Beauty.

He whom his dumbnesse now confines,
 But meanes to speak the rest by signes.

F. C.

A

*A faire Nymph scorning a black Boy
Courting her.*

Nymph. **S**Tand off, and let me take the aire ;
Why should the smoak pursue the faire :

Boy. My face is sinoak, thence may be gueſt
What flames within have ſcorch'd my brest.

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanterne of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanterne keeps loves Taper
Surer then yours, that's of white paper.
Whatever Midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can cleare.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou should'st interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy me for a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes : but my bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight
To checquer limbs with black, and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a Presse ;
And in our sports, if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my Black thy love impaire ?
Let the dark shop commend thy ware :
Or if thy love from black forbeares,
I'll strive to wash it off with teares.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse teares, since thou must needs
Still weare about thee mourning weeds :

Teares can no more affection win,
Then wash thy Æthiopian skin.

*Upon the death of M. King drowned
in the Frish Seas.*

I Like not teares in tune, nor will I prize
His artificiall grief that scans his eyes :
Mute weep down pious beads ; but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosarie ?
I am no Poet, here my pen's the spout
Where the raine-water of my eyes runs out,
In pitie of that name, whose fate we see
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrographie.
The Muses are not Mermaids, though upon
Thy death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for verse ; who rimes upon't,
With *Xerxes*, strives to fetter th' *Hellepont*.
My teares will keep no channells, know no lawes
To guide their streams, but like the waves, this cause
Runs with disturbance, till they swallow me,
As a description of his miserie.
But can his spacious vertues finde a grave
Within th' inpostum'd bubble of a wave,
Whose learning if we found, we must confesse
The Sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse ?
Could not the winds, to countermand thy death,
With their whole Chard of lungs, redeem thy breath ?
Or some new Island in thy rescue peepe,
To heave thy resurrection from the deep ?

That

That so the world might see thy safety wrought
 With no lesse miracle then thy selfe: Most thought
 The famous *Stagyrite*, which in his life
 Had Nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his widdow to survive with thee,
 Queene-Dowager of all Philosophie,
 An ominous legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate, and predecessors second end.
 Some have affirm'd that what on earth we finde,
 The Sea can parallell for shape and kinde.
 Books, Arts, and Tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Universitie.
 Wee'l dive no more for pearle, we hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortalitie.
 Wee'l welcome storms, and make the Sea-man prize
 His shipwrack now, more then his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe,
 As to a royaller Exchange shall come.
 What can we now expect? Water and Fire,
 Both Elements of ruine, do conspire;
 And that resolves us which doth us compound,
 One Vatican was barnt, another drown'd.
 VVe of the Gowne our Libraries must trosse,
 To understand the great losse of our losse;
 Be pupills to our griefe, and so much grow
 In learning, as our sorrow s overflow.
 VWhen we have fill'd the Rindlets of our eyes,
 VVee'l send it forth, and vent such Elegies:
 So that our teares shall seeme the Irish Seas,
 VVe floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

*A Dialogue between two Zealots, upon
the &c. in the Oath.*

SIr Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict account,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the Common of the femal charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So shotten, that his soul, like to himselfe,
Walks but in *Querpo*: This same Clergie Elfe,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudglels with the Oath.
The Quarrel was a strange mis-shapen Monster,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The Brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons taile ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mentall Reſervation.

While Roger thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, my pious Brother
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by Revelation, know it better
Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theame,
Like Great *Goliath* with his Weavers beame:
I ſay to thee &c. thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled locke of Antichriſt:
Rubbish of *Babell*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in &c.?

Who

Who sweares &c. sweares more oathes at once
 Then *Cerberus* out of his Triple Sconce.
 Who viewes it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old halfe Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.
 Oh *Booker, Booker*, how can'st thou to lack
 This sign in thy Prophetick Almanack?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th'infernall plot
 Of powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it.
 Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of November.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot halfe untruss
 &c. it's so abominous.

The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall finde
 Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th'Apparatour upon his skew-bald Horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too farre to sweare:
 For 'tis (to speake in a familiar stile)
 A Yorkshire Wea-bit, longer then a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
 Hee'l sweare in words at large, and not in figures.
 Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
 To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He sweares shall seale the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunke on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworne out th'eleventh quart:
 VVhile

While all that saw and heard them joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all &c.

Smectymnuus, or the Club-Divines.

Sme^{ctymnuus} ? The Goblin makes me start :
Sith Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?
Syrac ? or *Arabick* ? or *Welsh* ? what skilt ?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babell* built.
Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it :
Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.
But doe the Brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with disguises ?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A Name which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile :
The Saints Monopolie, the zealous Cluster,
Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly showne,
The twelve Apostles on a Cherry-stone.
Thus Faction's All-a-Mode in Treasons fashion ;
Now we have Heresie by Complication.
Like to *Don-Quixots* Rosary of Slaves
Strung on a chaine ; A Murnivall of Knaves
Packt in a Trick ; like Gypsies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues which fit all of a side :
So the vaine Satyrists stand all a row,
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diaresis*, halfe one another,

He

He, with his little Sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smectymnus*.
 Next *Scarbridge-Faire* is *Smec's*; for loe his side
 Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
 Under each arme there's tuckt a double Gizzard,
 Five faces lurke under one single vizzard.
 The Whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
 Heires of Confusion by *Gavell-kind*.
 I think *Pythagoras's* soule is rambl'd hither,
 With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Wardrobe, shee'l not dare
 To think of them as of a thorough-fare;
 He stops the Gossopping Dame; alone he is
 The Purlew of a *Metempsychosis*.
 Like a Scotch Marke, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, & shrinks to thirteen pence:
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame
 Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same:
 Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spelled,
 Into one man, are monosyllabled.
 Short-handed zeale in one hath cramped many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
 See, see, how close the Curs hunt under a sheet,
 As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet;
 One Cure and five Incumbents leap a Truss,
 The title sure must be litigious.
 The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
 Who must be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.
 Who cook'd them up together, were to blame,
 Had they but wyre-drawn, and spun out their name,
 'T would make another Prentices Petition
 Against the Bishops and their Superstition.

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five,
As farre as nature fingers did contrive,
She saw they would be Sessers; that's the cause
She cleft their hoof into so many clawes)
May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smeetymanus* for Polemonie.

Caligula, whose pride was Mankinds Baile,
As who disdain'd to murder by retaile,
Wishing the world had but one generall Neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smeec*.
No *Eccho* can improve the Author more,
Whose lungs payes use on use to halfe a score.
No Fellow is more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his Godfather; for he
Weares in his name his Genealogie.

The Banes are askt, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smeetymanus*, and &c.
The Guests invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation, and the Commons.
The Priest to tie these Foxes tails together,
Moseley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.
See, what an off-spring every one expects:
What strange pluralities of Men and Sects:
One sayes, hee'l get a Vestery; another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother.
Faith cry *S. George*, let them go to't, and stickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religions caterwaule, and spight,
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade;
The Groome is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.

My

My task is done; all my hee-Goats are milkt;
 So many Cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt:
 I could by Letters now untwist the rable,
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Onely kneel downe, and take your Fathers blessing.
 May the *Queen-Mother* justifie your fears,
 And stretch her Patent to your leather-ears.

The Mixt Assembly.

FLeabitten Synod: an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbytry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame Woolpack Clergie by their side.
 Who askt the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd Mares:
 A strange *Grottesco* this, the Church and States
 (Most divine tick-tack) in a pye-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Aethiopian* heire
 By picture, when the parents both were faire,
 At sight of you had borne a dappl'd son,
 You checquering her imagination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled and ringstreaked lambs.
 Like an Impropiators Motley kind,
 Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thiefe in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergie e're he did the deed,
 Like *Royston* Crowes who are (as I may say)
 Friers of both the Orders *Black* and *Gray*.

So mixt they are, one knowes not whether's thicker,
A Layre of Burgesse, or a Layre of Vicar.

Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judah* had ?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad* ?
The Scepter and the Crozier are the Crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious Clutches,
Will faile the Cripple-State. And were't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City ?
That *Isaac* might stroke his beard, and sit
Judge of *his* and *Elegerit*.

Oh that they were in chalk and charcole drawne !
The Misselany Satyr, and the Fawne,
And all th' Adulteries of twisted nature
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose Members being not Tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at the Resurrection.

Strange Scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in Story
For sinners halfe refin'd in Purgatory ;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables and the coming Gules.

The flea that *Falstaffe* damn'd, thus lewdly shoves
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose.

Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulde *John a Styles*, that *John a Noaks*.

Like Jewes and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck verse to distinguish either.

Like their intended Discipline to boot,

Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot :

Such may these stript-stuffe hangings seem to be,
Sacredge matcht with Codpeece Symonie ;
Be sick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie these Linſie-Woolſie Vestr̄y-men.

Forbear

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such Company may chance to spoile thy swearing :
And these Drum-Major oaths of *Bulke* unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

He that the noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
Will he strike up a *Hotspur* of the spirits ?
Hee'l fight the *Obadias* out of tune,
With his uncircumcised *Algernoon*.

A name so rabborne, 'tis not to be scan'd
By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Presto ; they're gone. And now the House of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig : And in this antick dance
Fielding, and doxy *Marshall* first advance.
Twiss blowes the Scotch pipes, and the loving brase
Puts on the fraces, and treads *Ginque-a-pace*.
Then *Say and Seale* must his old Hamstrings supple,
And he and rump'd *Palmer* make a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girl, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may finde worke about her shoulder.
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*.
If *Burges* get a clap, 'tis ne're the worse,
But the fift time of his *Cimpurgators*.
Nol Bowles is coy ; good sadnesse cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance,
Her *Wharton* wheels about till *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levy
T'incounter Madam *Smee*, that single Bevy.

If

If they two truck together, 'twill not be
 A Child-birth, but a Goale-deliverie.
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Gwelf*,
 But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himself,
 And well may be; there's more Divines in him
 Then in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim*:
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then beare date,
 When Mules their Cofin-Germans generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
 The Oxe and Asse go yok'd in the same plough.
 Resigne thy Coach-box *Twisse*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
 Would sort the beasts with more conformitie.
 Water & earth make but one Globe, a Roundhead
 Is Clergy-Lay *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

A Nd why so coffin'd to this vile disguise? (eyes.
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his
 My twins of light within their pent-house shrink,
 And hold it their allegiance to wink.
 Oh for a State-distinction to arraigne
Charles of high Treason 'gainst my Sovereigne.
 What an Usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloyster and shave him, he himselfe hath don't.
 His muffled fabrick speaks him a recluse,
 His ruines prove it a religious house.
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
 And Majesty defac'd the Royall stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transcribe it in thy shape and all:

As

As if thy Blacks were of too faint a dye,
 Without the tincture of Tautologie.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Cassock skin,
 Spun of his Countreys darknesse, lin't within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowfie trance,
 The Synods fable, foggie ignorance;
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:
 That privie-chamber of thy shape would be
 But the Close-mourner to thy Royaltie.
 Then break the circle of thy Taylors spell,
 A Pearle within a rugged Oyster-shell.
 Heaven, which the Minster of thy Person owns,
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeyes courser doome,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon roome:
 Or like the Colledge, by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a Stable.
 Or, if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the sacriledge of this attire,
 By which th'art halfe depos'd, thou look'st like one
 Whose looks are under Sequestration:
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shewes like the selfe-denying Ordinance.
 Angell of light, und darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet posses'd without.
 Majestick twilight in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalme of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears Midnight, Day is beetle-brow'd,
 And Ligthning is in Keldar of a cloud.

Oh

Oh the accurst Stenographic of fate !
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat ?
 What charme, what Magick vapour can it be
 That shrinks his rayes to this Apostasie ?
 It is no subtile film of tiffany ayre,
 No Cob-web vizard, such as Ladies weare,
 When they are veil'd, on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquisht skreen :
 Nor the false scabberd of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three-pild darknesse, like the * slough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in graine,
 Dark Lanterne to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick*-Castle Vote
 Rang *Britains* Curfeu, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name, writ in fantastick fetters :
 Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
 Sure they would fit the Body Politick.
 False beard, enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.
 Nay all his properties so strange appeare,
 Yare not i'th' presence, though the King be there.
 A Libell is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the * *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
 Scribling Assasinate, thy lines attest
 An eare-mark due ; Cub of the blatant Beast,
 Whose breath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
 Wasting to hell, bag up thy phrase and bind
 It to the Barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and brings the Collick in the fiend.

But

* A damp, in
Coleopters
usuall.

* Britanicus.

It to the barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sink thy Skuller with a Man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this flandering suite,
 Both do alike in picture execute.
 But since w'are all call'd Papist, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate.
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
 And puzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
 The black offender, should he weare his fin
 For penance, could not have a darker skin.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
 Clarke of this Closet to Your Majestie:
 Methinks in this your darke mysterious dresse
 I see the Gospell coucht in Parables.
 The second view, my pur-blind fancy wipes,
 And shewes Religion in its dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade
 Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.

Now all ye brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the Spirit is in pupill age;
 You that damne more then ever *Sampson* flew,
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too:
 How is't *Charles* 'scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the Bibles Liverie?
 Hence Cabinet-untrussers, Picklocks hence,
 You that dim Jewells with your *Bristol*-sense:
 And Characters, like Witches, so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.

Keyes for this Cypher you can never get,
 None but *S. Peters* opes this Cabinet.
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
 Critick Spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least: What Scriptures call
 The Revelation, is most mysticall.

Mount then thou shadow royall, and with haste,
 Advance thy morning star, *Charles's* overcast.
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
 And force faire weather from a Scottish mist.
 Heavens Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd Sages
 To interpret an Eclipse, thus riding stages.
 Thus *Israel*-like he travels with a cloud,
 Both as a Conduct to him, and a shroud.
 But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renewes
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

The Rebell Scot.

Solatur
HOW! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
 Then Madam nature wears black patches too:
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sick of *Pym's* disease
 By Scotch invasion? to be made a prey
 To such Pig-wiggin *Mirmidons* as they?

But

But that there's charme in verse, I will not quore
 The name of *Scot*, without an Antidote;
 Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowfie Judge whose dismall Note
 Disgorgeth halts, as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'ricks tone)
 Speake Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:
 Or roare like *Marshall*, that *Genevab*-Bull,
 Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch til the blood come, they'l not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites, at stake,
 Ile bait my *Scot* so; yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.
 No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
 Fosters no Venome, since the *Scots* Plantation:
 Nor can ours feign'd Antiquity maintaine;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves againe.
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have showne
 (Within the grate of his owne brest alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther; and ingroft
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost

The honest High-shoes, in their Termly Fees,
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her selfe doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,
 Making their Countrey such a wildernesse :
 A Land, that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omnipresence, but that CHARLS came thence.
 But that *Montrosse* and *Crawfords* loyall Band
 Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned halfe the Land :
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots ;
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots :
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shewes Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.
 He that saw hell in's melancholie dreame,
 And in the twilight of his Fancie's theame,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proselite.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment ! (doome,
 Had *Cain* beene *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jewes they spread, and as Infection flie,
 As if the Devill had Ubiquitie.
 Hence 'tis, they live at Rovers ; and desie
 This or that place, Rags of Geographic.
 They're Citizens o'th World ; they're all in all,
 Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
 And yet they ramble not, to learne the Mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad,
 To returne knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in Belly, or in Beard :
 The Card by which the Travellers are steard.

No ;

No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
 their Estrich stomachs make their swords their meat.
 Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their Belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
 The Serpent's fatall still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemerods, and these
 On the North Posterne of the patient seize,
 Like Leeches: thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not thinke to make us run o'th score,
 To purchase Villanage, as once before,
 When an Act past, to stroake them on the head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
 Nor gold, nor Acts of Grace; 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborne *Scot*: A Prince that would reclaime
 Rebels by yeelding, doth like him, (or worse)
 Who fadled his owne back to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soyle,
 Thus to lard Israel with Ægypt's spoyle?
 They are the Gospels Life-guard; but for them,
 The Garrison of new Jerusalem,
 What would the Brethren do? the Cause the cause!
 Sack posssets, and the Fundamentall Lawes!
 Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch-stamack, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food, and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.
 Unmaske them well; their honors and estate,
 As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their Titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird and Twenty pence pronounc'd with noise,
 When

When construed, but for a plaine Yeoman goe,
 And a good sober twopence; and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone;
 You Piets in Gentry and Devotion:
 You scandalls to the stock of Verse! a race!
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace!
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracisme, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian that Heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but knowne what Scots in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung betweene.
 My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce!
 I wrong the Devill, should I pick the bones?
 That dish is his: for when the Scots decease,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-Tree got loose,
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my selfe a Poet!
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it:
 Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
 Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rimes
 Their owne Antipodes, and crack the times:
Faces about, sayes the *Remonstrant* Spirit;
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington-Colt, that pos'd the Sage Recorder,
 Might be a Surgeon now, and passe by Order:

Had

Had I but *Elſing's* guiſt (that ſplay-mouth'd Brother)
 That declares one way, and yet meanes another :
 Could I but write a-ſquint ; then (Sir) long ſince
 You had been ſung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
 I had obſerv'd the Language of the daies ;
 Blaſphem'd you ; and then Periwigg'd the Phraſe
 With Humble Service, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
 Bels which ring backward in this great Combution.
 I had revil'd you ; and without offence,
The Literall, and Equitable Sence
 Would make it good : when all failes, that will do't :
 Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devils Foot.
 This were my Dialect, would your Highneſſe pleaſe
 To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles ;
 Interpret Counter, what is Croſſe rehears'd :
 Libels are commendations, when revers'd.
 Juſt as an Optique Glaſſe contracts the ſight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 But you're enchanted, Sir ; you're doubly free
 From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetrie :
 Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
 Proſe even 'gaunſt th' Artillerie of Verſes.
 Strange ! that the Muſes cannot wound your Maile ;
 If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevaile.
 At that knowne Leaguer, where the *Bonny Beſſes*
 Supplied the Bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes,
 Your ſpels could ne're have fenc'd you : every arrow
 Had launc'd your noble breſt, & drunk the marrow :
 For beauty, like white powder, makes no noiſe ;
 And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroyes.
 Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,

That

That you kill women too ; nay maids : and such
 Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Essex* ! is it not a shame,
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
 Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian ? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a Green-sicknesse-Girle,
 Feed'st thou on coales and dirt ? a Gelding-Earle
 Gives no more relish to thy Female Palat,
 Then to that Ass did once the Thistle-Sallar.
 Then quit the barren Theme ; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters, like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *RUPERT* an alarum, *RUPERT* ! one
 Whose name is wits Superfoetation.
 Makes fancy, like Eternities round wombe,
 Unite all valour, present, past, to come.
 He, who the old Philosophie controules,
 That voted down plurality of soules,
 He breaths a grand Committee ; all that were
 The wonders of their age, constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters, growth and sence
 (Souls Paramount themselves) in man commence
 But faculties of reasons Queene ; no more
 Are they to him who were compleat before.
 Ingredients of his vertue thread the Beads
 Of *Cesar*'s acts, great *Pompey*'s, and the Sweads :
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert*'s hand,
 By which that vast *Triumvirate* is span'd.
 Here, here is Palmestry ; here you may read,
 How long the world shall live, & when't shall bleed.
 Whatever man winds up, that *RUPERT* hath :
 For Nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*.

Pandora's Brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were faine to run upon the score.
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z- flea off the Place
 That tips their Antlets for the Calfe of Stace;
 Let the zeale-twanging Nose that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
 Yes, and the Gossips spoon augment the summe,
 Although poore *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his Sterling-selſe,
 Which their selſe-wants paies in commuting pelfe.
 Pardon, great Sir, for that ignoble crew
 Gaines, when made bankrupt, in the scales with you.
 As he, who in his Character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
 By an Ecclipse ſo glorious, (light is dim,
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him)
 So 'tis illuſtrious to be *Ruperts Foile*,
 And a juſt Trophee to be made his ſpoile.
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* ſleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall Creed* beleeve;
 The Conqueſts, which the Common-Councel hears
 With their wide liſt'ning mouth, from the great Peers
 That ran away in triumph: ſuch a Foe
 Can make them victors in their overthrow:
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
 That he revives the quarrell once againe
 Of the Soules throne, whether in heart or braine;
 And leaves it a drawne match: whoſe fervour can
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but halfe a Man.

His Trumpet like the Angells at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 'Twas the Mount *Atlas* carv'd in shape of man
 (As't was defin'd by the *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
 The left should be a Channell to the Maine:
 His spirit might informe th' Amphibious figure;
 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:
 The terrour of whose name can out of seven,
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make flie eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
 By being slaine, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men;
 For *Rupert* knocks'em, till they gig agen.
 They feare the Giblets of his traine; they feare
 Even his Dog, that foure-legg'd *Cavaleere*:
 He that devoures the scraps, which *Lundsford* makes,
 Whose Picture feeds upon a child in stakes:
 Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
 'Gainst whom they've severall Articles in fouse;
 First, that he barks against the sense o'th House.
Resolv'd Delinquent; to the Tower straight;
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate.
 Next for his ceremonious wag o'th taile:
 But there the Sisterhood will be his Baile,
 At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all religious of the game.
 Thirdly, he smells Intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his owne Letter:
 Who's doubly paid (fortune or we the blinder?)
 For making plots, and then for *Fox* the Finder.
Lastly,

Lastly, he is a Devill without doubt ;
 For when he would lie downe, he wheels about ;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring ;
 And therefore score up one for conjuring. (ter !
 What canst thou say, thou wretch ? O quarter, quar-
 I'me but an instrument, a meere S. *Arthur*.
 If I must hang, ô let not our Fates varie,
 Whose office 'tis alike to fetch and cary.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That string the Jesuite, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a Devill, as the Rebelle feares,
 I see the House would try me by my Peeres.
 There *Iowler* there ! ah *Iowler* ! ft ! 'tis nought
 What ere the Accusers cry, they're at a fault ;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Then when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.

Thus Labells but annex'd to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of Victory.
 S. *Peters* shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
 'Twould finde S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much.
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Cannons do but lisp and complement.
 Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower
 To get this *Perseus* : hence the fatall power
 Of shot is strangled : bullets thus alli'd
 Feare to commit an act of Paricide.
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
 Thou art the greatest world, and that the lesse.
 Scatter th'accumulative King ; untruss
 That five-fold fiend, the States *SMECTYMNIUS* ;
 Who place Religion in their Velam ears ;
 As in their Phylacters the Jewes did theirs,

England's a Paradise, (and a modest Word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming Sword.
Your name can scare an Athiest to his prayers ;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears.
Old *Sybill* charmes the Tooth-ach with you : Nurse
Makes you stil children; nay, and the pond'rous curse
The Clownes salute with, is deriv'd from you ;
(Now *RUPERT* take thee, Rogue ; how dost thou do ?)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rambling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis Straffordii, &c.

*Exurge Cinis, tuumq; solus qui potis es, scribe Epitaphiū:
Nequit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.
Effare Marmor : & quem cæpisti comprehendere,
Matte & Expressere.*

*Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum est literis, Elogium.*

*Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus,
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia :
Rex Politia, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, & Virtutum, Comes :*

*Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicū, quo sub rubicundâ vespere occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est : dextrâque oculo flevit,
Lævâque letata est, Anglia.*

*Theatrum Honoris, itémque Scena calamitosa virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.*

*Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Caputum :
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias,
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,*

*Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro : fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem, quàm nata foret, violavit :
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verùm Necessitas, non habens Legem.*

Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

Additionall Poems by uncertain A U T H O R S.

The Scots Apostasie.

Leatur

I St come to this? what? shal the cheeks of Fame,
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
 Be flag'd again? and that great piece of Sence,
 As rich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
 Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
 The Devill sure such language did atchieve,
 To cheat our un-fore-warned *Grandam Eve*,
 As this Impostor found out, to besot
 Th'experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*.
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull Sence?
 The Commons Argument, or the Cities Pence?
 Or did you doubt, Persistence in one good
 Would spoile the fabrick of your Brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,
 Was fit for the grand Devils hammering?
 Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the fins you act?
 The infamie this super-treason brings,
 Blasts more then murders of *Your sixty Kings*.
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
 Those hold with this no competition.
Kings onely suffer'd then, in this doth lie
 Th'Assasination of *Monarchie*.

Beyond

Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
 If not t'attempt deposing of your *God*.
 Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your cares to flee,
 Till you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold Land
 Parcht to a drought, beyond the *Lybian* sand!
 But 'tis reserv'd; and till heaven plague you worse,
 Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.

First, may your *Brethren*, to whose viler ends
 Your pow'r hath bawded, cease to count you friends;
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
 Reproach the Traytors, though they hug the treason.
 And may their Jealousies increase and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.

In forraigne Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of Infamie;
 Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to rome
 The world, and for a plague go live at home:
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabbie Land be all
 Translated to a generall Hospitall.

Let not the Sun afford one gentle Ray,
 To give you comfort of a Summers day.
 But, as a Guerdon for your traiterous War,
 Live cherisht onely by the Northern Star.
 No Stranger deign to visit your rude Coast,
 And be to all, but banisht Men, as lost.
 And *such*, in height'ning of th'infiiction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your Lives and Liberties may awe.

No

No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.
 To summe up all-----let your *Religion* be,
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
 Untill, when *CHARLES* shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of *GOOD* and *JUST*;
 HE sav'd; incens'd Heaven may have forgot
 T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
 Unlesse that *Scot* deny himselfe, and do
 (What's easier farre) renounce his *Nation* too.

Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.

Here lies Wise and Valiant Dust,
 Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Just:
 STRAFFORD, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt Treason and Convenience.
 He spent his Time here in a Mist;
 A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
 His Prince's nearest Joy, and Grief;
 He had, yet wanted all Reliefe.
 The Prop and Ruine of the State;
 The People's violent Love, and Hate:
 One in extreames lov'd and abhor'd.
 Riddles lie here; or in a word,
 Here lies Blood; and let it lie
 Speechlesse still, and never crye.

On

Here lies Blood, nor can it lie

On the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
 He brewes his teares that studies to lament.
 Verse chymically weeps ; that pious raine,
 Distill'd with Art, is but the sweat o'th braine.
 Who ever sob'd in numbers ? can a groane
 Be quaver'd out by soft division ?
 'Tis true ; for common formall Elegies,
 Not *Bushells* Wells can wash a Poets eyes
 In wanton water-works : hee'l tune his teares
 From a *Geneva* Jig up to the Spheares.
 But when he mournes at distance, weeps aloof,
 Now that the Conduit-head is our own roof :
 Now that the fate is publike, we may call
 It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
 Who hath a Pensill to expresse the Saint,
 But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint ?
 There is no learning, but what teares surround,
 Like to *Seths* Pillars, in the deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is growne
 From much of late, that she's increast to none ;
 Like an hydropick body, full of Rheumes,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And, by a Law dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
 The *Liturgie*, whose doom was voted next,
 Died, as a Comment upon him the Text.
 There's nothing lives ; life is (since he is gone)
 But a Nocturnall Lucubration.

H

Thus

Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
 In the sum totall ---- *Canterburie's dead.*
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himselfe a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
 Would thaw the rabble that fierce beast off ours,
 (That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devoures)
 Tears that flow brackith from their Soules within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Meane time no squallid grieve his looke defiles,
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streames
 Shines in his showers as if he wept his beames.
 How could successe such villanies applaud?
 The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
 The twins of publike rage adjudg'd to dye,
 For Treasons they should act by Prophecy.
 The facts were done before the Lawes were made,
 The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.
 Be dull g eat spirits, and forbear to climbe,
 For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
 No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Granham* steeple stand awry.

On I.VV. A.B. of York.

SAY, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Schimara's reall; *Ergo falleris*.
 The Lambe and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
 And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
 Call an *Harnsper* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
 To pouifie the place; for sure the Harnes
 This Monster will produce, transcend his Charmes.
 'Tis Nature's Master-piece of error, this:
 And redeems whatever she did amisse,
 Before, from wonder and reproach; this last
 Legitimateth all her by-blowes past.

Loe here a Generall Metropolitan,
 An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian.
 Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique Face,
 A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace;
 A faire blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-fleev'd Brother,
 One leg a Pulpit holds, a Tub the other.
 Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
 And make th'apostate once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
 His change of shapes by a succession;
 Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
 At once doth only wait upon the wind:
 These speake him not, but if you'l name him right,
 Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
 His head i'th' sanctified mould is cast,
 Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast;
 He still retaines the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
 And yet has got a reverend Elders place.

Such

Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying Altars downe, to sacrifice
 To private malice ; where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church ! the Viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy Dignities and store:
 Alas ! thy own Son proves the Forrest-boare.]
 And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow, he,
 When the thick-shell of his Welsh Pedigree,
 By thy warme fost'ring bounty did divide
 And open, straight thence sprung forth parricide :
 As if 'twas just, revenge should be dispatch
 In thee, by th' Monster, which thy selfe hadst hatcht.
 Despaire not though : in *Wales* there may be got,
 As well as *Lincolnshire*, an antidote,
 'Gainst the foul'st venome he can spit, though's head
 Were chang'd from subtle gray to poys'nous red.
 Heaven with propitious eyes will looke upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone ;
 And chastise Rebels, who nought else did miss
 To fill the measure of their sins but his ;
 Whose foule unparallel'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character, shall be
 Indelible ; when ages then of late
 More happy growne, with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his dayes and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 Who Gods Anointed, and his Church betraid.*

T H E E N D.

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